

# JOHN BURT

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## Chapter XVIII—Continued.

That evening Arthur Morris called on Jessie. Of her favorable answer to his suit he had not the slightest doubt. He had carefully rehearsed his avowal. After critically reviewing his campaign since quitting Paris he decided that he had made no mistakes.

He made his declaration confidently, but with more of feeling than Jessie thought him capable. "Mr. Morris," she said with an earnestness which almost tricked herself, "I owe a duty to my father which I cannot forego. He is alone and in trouble, and I cannot leave him. You know little of the pride of the Cardens if you imagine that the daughter of General Marshall Carden will give her hand in marriage so long as the shadow of bankruptcy hangs over his name."

Morris again assured Jessie of his absolute confidence in General Carden's financial future, and attempted to secure some conditional promise from her.

"I am willing to wait, don't you know," he said. "I'm sure General Carden will come out all right. Go abroad if you like, but promise to marry me when you return." He gazed longingly at her.

"No. I will promise not to marry within the next two years. Will that satisfy you?"

Morris left Jessie's presence wild with delight over his fancied success.

A few days later General Carden arrived from Boston, and held several conferences with Arthur Morris. One night he greeted Jessie with unusual tenderness. The old proud light was in his eyes. His shoulders were thrown back and his step was elastic. "I am no longer a bankrupt, Jessie, my darling," he said, when they were alone. "I have so disposed of my securities to Mr. Morris that I am able to pay all my debts and have enough remaining to send you abroad,

Jessie remained behind. Back through the swiftly-flying years her fancy wandered to the summer day when, under the tuition of a sturdy farmer lad, she fished for crabs over the side of the bridge.

Did John Burt yet live? Did she yet hold the place in his heart she occupied on that night, when, under the old maples, she rested against his breast and bade him a sad farewell? Would he return? When? The little brook, flowing towards the ocean on the outgoing tide, seemed the sole connecting link between the past and the future.

The clatter of hoofs aroused Jessie from her reverie. She looked up to see Edith coming towards her.

"What attraction has that muddy old creek?" demanded Edith. "Come on, Jessie; uncle Tom has sounded the horn for dinner."

On the morrow Edith and Mrs. Bishop went to Boston on a shopping expedition, but they could not persuade Jessie to accompany them. In the afternoon she ordered her horse saddled, and, declining an escort, soon disappeared in a turn of the road. Half an hour later she stopped in front of Peter Burt's farmhouse.

She had not dismounted when the great oaken door swung back and Peter Burt came towards her. There was a kindly gleam in his eye, as, with a courtly air, he bowed and greeted her.

"It is thoughtful of you to remember me, my child," he said, as he gave her his hand and helped her to dismount. "Jasper, take care of Miss Carden's horse! We will sit in the shade of the trees; it is cool and pleasant here. How is your father, my child?"

"He is very well," answered Jessie. "Since you saw him he has had financial trouble, but his affairs are in better shape now. He lives in New York."



"LATA BANKRUPT!—A BANKRUPT AT FIFTY!"

my pet. And Mr. Morris has given me a position in his bank, with a chance to work into a partnership. "Oh, that's splendid!" exclaimed Jessie. "Are you sure you will not be disappointed? Is it all arranged beyond any doubt?"

"Here is the check," said General Carden, with some surprise. "Why do you ask, Jessie?"

"Because I wish to go to Paris as soon as possible," was the answer. "I am just crazy to take up my painting and music. And now I can go, can't I, papa?"

"Certainly, my pet." Arthur Morris called that evening, and vainly attempted to persuade her to spend the summer in Hingham, and postpone her trip abroad until autumn. He bade her an effusive farewell, and Jessie gave a happy sigh of relief when the train rolled out from the station.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Two Strange Interviews.

It was delightful to be again in the old-fashioned country house overlooking the ocean. Jessie confessed to Edith Hancock that her anxiety to return to Paris was assumed.

"I would be perfectly happy in this dear old place all summer—were it not for one discord," she said to Edith as they galloped along the beach the first evening after their arrival in Hingham. "Yonder is a suggestion of what is driving me to a foreign land."

Jessie pointed with her riding whip at the red-tiled roof of the Morris mansion, seen several miles away through a cleft in the hills.

"Do you mean that you are flying from Arthur Morris?" Edith's dark eyes opened wide.

"I do. I prefer the society of strangers abroad rather than to tolerate his occasional presence here," answered Jessie, biting her lip in vexation. They cantered in silence until they came to the old bridge where Jessie first met John Burt. There she reined in her bay.

"We'll let the horses rest here a moment," she said. "I always liked this spot. Isn't the view charming across the level of the marsh to the rocks and the dark fringe of pines beyond?"

"It's much better at the top of the hill," insisted Edith, and wondered what Jessie could find to admire in the prosaic surroundings. "Come on, Jessie," and she touched her roan with the whip.

The old man made no reply and an interval of silence followed. She felt that his eyes were upon her, not unkindly, but searching, friendly and magnetic. Almost unconsciously she addressed him:

"Have you received any word or heard anything from John, Mr. Burt?"

He paused for a moment as if to weigh his words.

"I have heard from him," he said deliberately. "He is alive and well." "Alive and well!" she exclaimed, her eyes glancing with excitement.

"He is alive and well," repeated Peter Burt. This strange interview took place more than two years before James Blake returned from California, and as has been narrated inadvertently gave to Peter Burt his first verbal information concerning John Burt.

"Listen to me, my child," said Peter Burt, impressively, "and have faith in every word I say to you. John is in a far-off land, and there he shall remain until the time ordained for his return. Seek not to call him away from fields not yet harvested. I am four-score and more years old, yet shall I live long after his return, and he and his shall be the joy of my closing days. Youth is impatient, but it is powerless to check God's plans. Do you believe what I have told you, my child?"

"I do," answered Jessie Carden, and her voice and the confident look in her eyes added emphasis to her declaration.

Peter Burt abruptly changed the subject, nor did he return to it. For nearly three hours they talked on various topics, and never once did Peter Burt lead the conversation in a direction not entertaining to his fair young visitor. Not until the great rock to the west of the house threw its long shadow over them did Jessie look at her watch. With an exclamation of surprise she arose to go.

"You have made this afternoon a very happy one for me, my child," he said, as he lifted her to the saddle. He bowed his gray head and raised his powerful arms.

"May God bless and keep you, my daughter."

Jessie rode home in the fading sunlight, a great joy in her heart. "He is alive and well!" she repeated, time and time again.

A week later Jessie sailed for France. It was nearly two years before she completed her studies, and again entered Boston harbor.

## CHAPTER XX.

### General Carden is Puzzled.

"Here are the papers, papa dear. And here are cigars and matches. I found your glasses on the writing desk. You are careless as ever, papa dear. Isn't it nice to have some one who knows just what you wish and where to find it?"

"It is, Jessie, my pet!" And General Carden placed his arm around his daughter's waist, drew her fair face down to his and kissed her fondly.

"I shall not let you read all the evening, papa, because I have so many things to tell you," said Jessie, smoothing back the scant gray locks. They were in the cozy drawing room of Mr. Bishop's New York residence.

"It is remarkable how easily a new concern can establish itself in Wall Street," said General Carden, laying aside his paper and slowly wiping his glasses. Jessie raised her eyes with dutiful interest. "It was not so in the old conservative days. It then took years to establish standing and credit. Now an unknown man can come out from the West and have the Street by the ears in thirty days. For example, take this man Blake, who has established the firm of Blake & Company. He suddenly appeared here from San Francisco and conducted a campaign which swept two old established houses off their feet. His profits were estimated at millions. Since then we have heard of nothing but the doings of James Blake. Here is an article," continued General Carden, picking up a paper, "which gives an account of a conference between this upstart and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. They say Blake is only twenty-seven years old. Jessie, my dear, it is a great thing to be born fortunate. You were not wise, darling, in your selection of a father." General Carden smiled sadly.

"I've the best and dearest father in the world!" exclaimed Jessie, placing her hand in his. "But I'm not going to let him read the papers any more this evening. Let's forget all about the old stocks and the wonderful Mr. Blake, and talk of those we know. Papa, dear, I wish to ask you a question."

"What is it, my pet? They say that children must not ask questions."

"Has anything been heard of John Burt? I—I thought perhaps Mr. Morris would know as soon as any one." General Carden's lips tightened. He pulled nervously at his beard, and the military moustache bristled aggressively.

"Answer me, papa! I have a right to know this."

There was a flash in the tender eyes and a warning curve in the pretty lips. The crimson left her cheek and she looked frankly into her father's face. There is in innocence the bravery of truth and the calm modesty of virtue. General Carden was disarmed.

"Nothing has been heard from Mr. Burt so far as I can learn, Jessie," he said. "Possibly his grandfather may have news. I am reasonably sure Mr. Morris has none. Let us talk of something else, Jessie."

The door opened and Mrs. Bishop entered.

"Here is your evening mail, Marshall," she said, handing her brother a number of letters. "And here is a letter for you, Jessie."

Jessie opened and read a note from Arthur Morris. It congratulated her on a safe return from abroad, and closed by asking permission to call on the first evening which would suit her convenience. The letter lay idly in her hand, and her thoughts were far away when the general uttered an exclamation.

"A most astounding coincidence! Really, this is quite remarkable!"

"What has happened, papa?"

(To be continued.)

**Transformation of a Shabby Man.**  
A certain New York man whose bank account is so fat that it takes six figures to measure it, used to go around looking reprehensibly shabby. Recently there has been a change in his appearance. Nowadays his attire is really natty and he shaves at least three times a week.

One day the shabby-looking man went into J. Pierpont Morgan's office on business connected with a charity. He asked to see Mr. Clarke, who looks after some of the charity affairs in which Mr. Morgan is interested.

"Mr. Clarke is not in now," said one of the clerks. "If you will come tomorrow you may be able to catch him and possibly he will help you a little."

The shabby-looking man thought that closing sentence sounded rather queer.

"Thank you," he said, sarcastically. "You are very kind."

"That's all right," replied the clerk. "I've been broke myself."

The shabby-looking man saw light. "Oh," he said.

Since then the shabby-looking man has ceased to be shabby.

**Raw Eggs a Tonic.**

A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is very strengthening. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink. Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat slightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.

## AS TO STANDING PAT

### WHY NOT, IF IT IS THE BEST THING TO DO?

The Main Point to Be Kept in Mind is That There Shall Continue to Be a Sure Market for All Products of American Labor and Industry.

A lowering of import duties on manufactured goods means a surrender of an American market, or a large part of it, to the people of other lands. The surrender of the American market would mean less employment and lower wages and that the workingman would not have sufficient wages to enable him to buy the best products of the farm. With low wages he would cease to be a consumer of beef. With lower wages he could not purchase chickens, butter and eggs. Lower schedules in the American Tariff would be disastrous—whether the lower schedule were introduced by the Republican party or the Democratic party.

There is nothing the American manufacturer so much needs as a customer. He can manufacture all he pleases, and if he does not have some one to buy his product he will go into bankruptcy. The beauty of the Dingley Tariff is that it assures the American manufacturer of a consumer. Manufacturers do not have sufficient capital to take the risk of making goods without knowing in advance that somebody is going to have the means with which to buy.

The Dingley law has made the stock and corn growers of Iowa rich. It has furnished these producers with a thrifty class of workmen, in the manufacturing centers, to buy the surplus products of the farm. The workingman out of a job is of no sort of help to the farmer. This was illustrated during the last Cleveland administration. There were plenty of men to work, but no work to do.

Cleveland had been in office nearly a year before the evil effects of Free

trade got around to the farmer. Finally the lack of employment reduced the farmers' market and farm products went down in price because the American farmer was depending entirely upon the foreign market for the sale of his largely increased surplus. For a time the farmer smiled at the manufacturer under the Cleveland administration. Everything he bought went down in price and the effect not having reached him, he concluded that the ideal condition of trade for the Free Trader had arrived. He concluded that his life was to be one long sweet song. But finally the paralysis of business in manufacturing industries reached him and he concluded that it was not all that had been painted. He began to study the question. He finally decided that his home market was best, and that his home market depended on the full employment of the workingman. And he concluded that the full employment of the workingman depended on a Tariff high enough to keep out foreign made goods.

Why not let well enough alone? Business has been so good that Wall Street could not throw the country into a panic. The land never experienced anything like it before. Iowa was never so prosperous. Her farms are glowing. Her factories are running. Her railroads are busy. Her schools and colleges are booming. Why stop it all by new policies and uncertainties? Give old Iowa a chance. We ought to have as much sense in prosperity as we had in adversity. When our people were in adversity they all knew what was the matter. They know that they simply needed somebody to buy in order to put men to work. Why struggle for a change?—Des Moines Capital.

**The Farmer's Prosperity.**  
For the American farmer to continue his prosperity by continuing the market at home, where he must sell his products if they are to be sold at his advantage, the American factories, which take 80 per cent. of their raw material from the American farm, must be kept open and the 6,000,000 operatives in those factories whom the American farmer feeds must be kept employed. So for all the American people to continue their prosperity the American home market must be maintained. It can be maintained and always will be, when we keep our own wage earners at work, giving them the money with which to buy American articles of commerce in the home market. It cannot be maintained if this country takes the product of foreign wage earners, the tariff barrier being leveled, in place of that of our own wage earners, who must quit their employment when the cheaper made output of the foreigners may come here to undersell the American-made output of our own mills and factories and shops.

The American people will determine this choice for themselves when they

## THE TERRIBLE INFANT.



vote as between the Republican party of protection, with Mr. Roosevelt its candidate for President, and the Democratic party, with Judge Parker or any other man it may nominate.—New York Press.

### Useless Contention.

It is a waste of words for Edward Atkinson, the New York Journal of Commerce, and other worshippers at the shrine of Richard Cobden to enforce the contention that unrestricted commercial intercourse between the States and Territories of the American Union has been of great advantage to the people of the United States. Of course it has. Nobody disputes the proposition. But does it follow that because free trade among our own people has been a good thing, therefore free trade with all the world would be as good a thing for Americans? Far from it. Production in any part of the United States necessitates the employment of American labor, the payment of wages to Americans and the distribution of these wages among Americans. When free trade opens the gate and admits to our market competitive productions from abroad, precisely the reverse is true. Foreign labor is employed, wages are paid to foreigners, and the money of Americans goes abroad instead of being kept at home. That is the difference between free trade between our own people and free trade with foreigners.

### The International Trust.

Under the free trade policy, which Democrats favor, the only survivors among our American industries would be those powerful would-be monopolists which usually control the most profitable plants. These would be in a position to safely unite with their brethren in other lands in the creation of a universal trust to dominate the affairs of mankind. That this is no idle dream is shown by the fact the wires transmitted a synopsis of the speech of Senator Dilliver they brought also the news of a secret meeting in London of the great steel manufacturers of the world to form in the steel trade, a new trust of exactly that kind.—Clinton (Ind.) Citizen.



**Satisfactory Reason.**  
"I've just been making my will. I have bequeathed everything I possess to my wife."  
"Then you did it in about ten words."  
"Not at all. The lawyer who drew it up for me used four sheets of paper."  
"What did he charge you?"  
"Five dollars."  
"Then he's an honest lawyer. He wanted to make the service worth the fee."

**No Faith in Them.**  
"Do you believe in vacations?" we asked of Miss Speedleigh, apropos of a conversation in which Uncle Russ Sage's anti-vacation theories were being discussed.  
"No; I doubt most things I hear during them," she replied.

And then we remembered having seen her at the seaside, listening to the sweet nothings that Percy, Harold and Algernon were slipping into her ear.

### Logic.



Mr. Twopair—Here, here, Edgar! Don't lose all my poker chips!  
Edgar—Why, pa, you might as well let me lose them as you.—Chicago Bulletin.

**Something Just as Good.**  
Dyspeptic Customer—Have you any lime water?  
Drug Store Boy (rumaging among the shelves and producing bottle)—Yes, sir. Here it is.

Dyspeptic Customer (looking at the label)—But this isn't lime water at all. It's lime juice.  
Drug Store Boy—Yes, sir. It's the same thing in a more concentrated form. Some people prefer it that way.

**Unpardonable Offense.**  
Friend—Aren't you rather afraid of that handsome rival of yours?  
Smartchap—Not a bit.

"He is very rich."  
"Yes."  
"A great favorite with the ladies."  
"I know it."  
"Yet you have no fear?"  
"No. He guessed at her age once and got her only two years younger than she is."—New York Weekly.

**A Foot in Growth.**  
"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm tryin' to raise enough money to get out to California."

"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.  
"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."

**One Thing Certain.**



"Has your lawyer got money?"  
"He's got all of mine."

**Water Cure.**  
"Among other things," remarked the temperance man, "I consider water a good sleep producer."

"And so do I," replied the suburbanite. "I empty a pitcher each evening before retiring and then I sleep like a top."

"And you really drink a pitcher of water?"  
"No; I empty it on the dog that howls under my window."

**Wanted Halos.**  
"What did that new arrival want?" asked the Recording Angel.

"He asked me if I knew where he could get hold of four old halos," said St. Peter. "He says he wants to try to build an automobile."

**Fair Exchange.**  
Stern Parent—"I heard that young man kissing you in the parlor last night. What does it mean?"

Ernestine—"Oh, papa, you told us there were germs in kisses and we were just exchanging a few."